

A PANEGYRICK
P O E M
ON THE

Coronation

OF

The Illustrious and Serene,

JAMES II.

King of Great Britain, France, and
Ireland. &c.

L Et Subjects sing, Bells ring, and Cannons rore,
And every Ship come dancing to the Shore,
To Crown Great JAMES with everlasting
And to his Worth ad *Hecatombs* of Praise; [Bays,
That Loyalists may their *Allegiance* pay,
And flourish forth the Triumph of this Day
Which mitigates our Moan, the Rod to kifs;
And gives our Grief more than *Parentthesis*.
Black sable Night, and Shades, eclips'd our Sky,
When Royal CHARLES the Good and Great did dye:
But radiant Beams Great Britain's Haven now clears,
Since Phœbus-JAMES behind the Cloud appears,
Scattering the Vapours of sad Sighs, to make
His Joyful CROWN our Nations *Zodiack*.
The King of kings did Graciously design
Him Martial, Mild, Majestick, and Divine.
Ne'r had *A'suerus* half of his Renown,
Nor Pomp, nor Splendour, hanging on his Crown.
His Queen's like *Esther*, for Majestick Grace
Darts from her eye, and shines o'r all her face:
In Parts, and Person she doth well agree
With her great Stem, and noble Pedigree.
His Subjects are more Valiant, (yea, by far)
Than was *Achilles* in the Trojan War.

Brittain's a Microcosm, a Fertile Plain,
Or *Eden's* Map, environ'd by the Main:
Her King's a Monarch, and none dare withstand
His Force of Armes by swelling Sea, or Land:
When Lunacy o'rshadow'd *Britains* Crown,
He gain'd abroad the Garland of Renown.
And (as St. George the Dragon) James doth put
The *Viper* of Sedition under Foot.
But there's no Need to shew His Majesty
With Beams I borrow from his Twy-light Sky;
Let this suffice: JAMES, Brother, and the Son
Of Charles, [ah Charles!] hath now his Reign begun.
Retire then Rebels, till our Voice we raise,
In *Tork-shire* Hoes, and *Plaudities* of Praise.

By Peter Ker.